

Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



Heather Zea Panton

30 December 1949 ~ 4 August 2021

Elmslie Memorial United Church

Saturday, 21 August


3:00 pm

Minister: Rev. L. Christopher Mason

Organist: Cathy Gomez

Interment at the Prospect Cemetery

Order of Service




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| Musical Prelude | Cathy Gomez |
| Opening Remarks | Rev. L. Christopher Mason |
| Hymn | How Great Thou Art |
| Scripture Psalm 90; | Pastor James Arch |
| Eulogy | To be read by Ganita Myles |
| Hymn | Amazing Grace |
| Sermon | Rev. L. Christopher Mason |
| Prayer for the family | Pastor James Arch |
| Hymn | Old Rugged Cross |
| Benediction | Rev. L. Christopher Mason |

Pallbearers

Bryan Hunter
Rory Brodhurst
Daniel Hunter

Cory Hunter
Jacob Williams
James Miller

Honourary Pallbearers



Albert Hislop
Alan Eden
Anthony Eden OBE, JP
Hon. G Wayne Panton, JP, MP (Premier)
Dr. Steve Tomlinson

Dr. Courtney Cummings
Larry Washburn
Alden M McLaughlin Jr., MBE
George Hunter

Ushers

Tania Ramgeet
Ernie Bodden
Reggie Nixon
Ellen Watson

Guest Book Attendant

Gabriella Brodhurst & Caitlin Seymour

EULOGY OF THE LATE HEATHER ZEA PANTON

Prepared by brother Dwight and the family

Heather Zea Panton was born on the 30th day of December, 1949 at George Town, Grand Cayman, and remained resident in Grand Cayman throughout her entire life. She was the fourth daughter and one of seven children of the late Ormond Lauder Panton and Naomi Nathalie Panton, both of George Town.

Heather's life was beset by many difficulties. Her family realised at an early age that she held a unique perspective on even the most ordinary of circumstances. Dwight recalls spending many hours under the poinciana tree in the yard of the family home on Elgin Avenue waiting for the floor to dry on Saturdays, which was the day when Heather mopped the floor, and she prohibited anyone from entering the house until the floor was dry, regardless of the reason for which entry was sought. Despite many efforts by family, friends and medical professionals, no one was ever able to determine the cause of Heather's difficulties. But her parents and her siblings attended to her every need when she was no longer able to provide for herself. Her elder sister, Karen, dedicated an extraordinary amount of her time and energy in making sure that all Heather's needs were attended to.

And we all remember Heather's many admirable qualities. She was a hard worker, and provided invaluable assistance to her mother in the operation of her flower shop, particularly attending to weddings and funerals. And she was blessed with a compassionate heart. Her love for animals and children was remarkable. She accepted full responsibility for the care of the household pets and treated them with great love and attention. She also loved all her nieces and nephews in particular, and lavished great affection upon them. When Dwight's son's birthday was being planned, she was asked to dress up as Barney, who was a purple dinosaur character who was very popular with children at that time. The costume was a full body outfit, and was both heavy and hot, but she dressed at the family home in Crewe Road and drove all the way to Dwight's home in Lower Valley and surprised everyone when she came into the house singing the Barney theme song, which she must have learned while watching the videos with the children. But her toes were sticking out of the costume, and Dwight's son, who was about five at the time, pointed to her toes and said "That's not Barney, that's Hedder!" She laughed at that, and was generally in good spirits when she was relating a humorous story. Kennedy moved to the US in 2007 and talked to Heather often, although she never texted or figured out voice mail on her cell phone. He remembers she cooked her nieces and nephews their favourite macaroni and cheese every Sunday or whenever those who lived overseas visited. Another favourite dish of hers was beef soup on Saturdays. Heather proudly displayed photos of her nieces and nephews in every corner of the house. Every Christmas or birthday she asked for more photos of Ashleigh and Ally as they grew up, to add to the collection. Ally wanted to be baptised in the sea in Cayman. When that became a reality at Smith Cove in 2014, Heather was there along with Kay K to witness that event and to support Ally.

But above all she will be remembered for her unfailing attention to Miss Naomi's needs in Miss Naomi's last days, and for this her sister and brothers will be forever grateful.

Heather passed away peacefully in her sleep at the George Town Hospital on August 4, 2021.

She will be deeply missed by her sister, Karen, her brothers Neely, Dwight and Kennedy, her nieces and nephews and all her family and friends.

Regrettably, with the current travel restrictions due to the pandemic, her brothers Neely, Dwight and Kennedy were unable to attend the service.

We take comfort in the knowledge that she has been reunited in Heaven with Mr. Ormond, Miss Naomi, Luceine (Lulu), Gilda and Tuita, and all her pets.

TRIBUTE FROM Anna Rose Washburn

I think as far back as I can remember Heather was a part of my life as we were distant cousins. Being born across the street from her grandmother and in an area with few homes we could not help but play and hang out together. We played marbles, rounder and hide and seek to name a few of our activities. As classmates from the Infants Classes it was hard not to interact. At school, of course she was smarter than me, so I couldn't resist staying close to her side. We were in school together for twelve years. We certainly had our ups and downs during that time but through it all we never kept a grudge and in little or no time, we were best buds again.

She had a birthday party at her grandmother's home one night and believe it or not my mother let me go. I can't remember what year but I know I wore socks so I figure we were about 12. Of course, parties were a no no for me. The dance floor was Laurie's front porch and of course Mama was sitting in her swing across the street watching. Someone turned the light off and in the blink of an eye I could see Mama's white head coming to get me.

I think she was born to be a doctor because she always wanted to diagnose my ailments and could tell me which medication I needed. Of course, I dare not argue because I would never stand a chance of winning. Heather at one time had a lovely store in Seven Mile Shops where she used her floral arranging knowledge to introduce contemporary designs that Cayman had never seen. I'd visit her there and try to learn some techniques from her.

Heather chose me to be her Maid-of-Honour and I chose her and her mom to be the florist for my wedding. She would tell everyone that I was her best friend and that she could always depend on me. I took pride in having her come to my house to show her photos on Facebook of her nieces, nephews and grand nieces and nephews. She was sure proud of each of them.

Sometimes there would be awhile I didn't hear from her but whenever she knew that there were breadfruits or avocados on the tree, or pepper crops available I could always look out for her to knock on my door. She always offered to cook something and bring to me and when I would find an excuse to talk her out of it she would tell me that I expected her to accept things from me but that I didn't want her to give me anything. Whenever I travelled I never entered a Walmart store that I didn't head straight to the jeans aisle to get her a black pair of jeans. She would always tell me that Kay K bought expensive ones and didn't want to bother her. She only wore one cologne which was usually not available locally. This was another item added to my to-do list when I travelled. Believe it or not, last Christmas I was able to find one locally and didn't have to disappoint her.

I know that Heather loved me and she knew that I loved her and would always be there for her. In recent months during her recent stays at the hospital she would always let me know what was going on. She knew that she could call me and that there was nothing that I would not do for her especially if Kay K was off island. Just over a week before her passing she called me to come to take her to Lower Valley to get her car so that she would have transportation when she got released from the hospital. I told her that Larry was cooking beef soup and that I would wait till it was ready so that I could bring her some. She told me that Larry's soup was a combination of her grandmother's, mother's and my mother's recipes. She signed herself out of the hospital with pneumonia and signed herself back in just to be able to have her car at the hospital. Maybe she thought I was naive to her reasoning for all this but as she had done in previous visits she wanted to be able to have a cigarette by making excuses to the hospital staff that she needed to go take a walk. She was an act to follow. All I can say is she was cared for by her family over and beyond what would normally be expected and when she used to row with me about working so late, I would tell her Heather I have to work for a living. She would tell me that I should be at home with Larry.

I'm going to miss her even though I received my share of her cussing. I would say to her if all you are going to do is cuss me I'm going to have to end this conversation, she would calm right down and be the sweetest soul. She had a huge heart and few people understood her the way I did. I was encouraged by her comments shortly before her passing that she knew that she needed to prepare for what lay ahead and trust that she did just that.

May her soul rest in eternal peace.



Tribute from Nephews and Nieces

Aunt Heather will always remain in our memories for her unwavering love, support and affection towards our grandmother, in the last years of her life. Her dedication towards Granny will be forever remembered.

Aunt Heather loved all of nieces and nephews and was always proud of us. One of her great joys in life was baby-sitting us when we were children. She also liked to invite us over for Sunday lunches and cook our favourite local dishes. For those of us who resides overseas, Aunt Heather always delighted in welcoming us whenever we returned to the islands for visits, and one of her great joys in life was having updated pictures of us, especially over Christmas and birthdays, always proudly displayed in her home. We were always welcomed, and Aunt Heather tried to make up for any lost time by inviting us to come for a delicious lunch every day we were on the island. She often had treats for us which she grew in her yard or gathered through her island network. Not having children of her own, she always tried to make us feel special in her own unique way.

We will fondly remember her love and compassion towards animals, her cooking, her jokes and Tina Turner!

Rest in peace, Aunt Heather.

Love, Tara, Jeff, Inga, Desiree, Bryan, James, Yadira, Giles, Boyd, Dylan, Frasier, Ashleigh and Ally



TRIBUTE TO OUR CLASSMATE HEATHER ZEA PANTON

On hearing of the passing of our classmate, Heather, mixed emotions have flooded through our minds. First of all there was shock, as most of us did not know that Heather was in hospital and was so near the end of her life. After that came guilt, as we recognized that in the busyness of our own lives, we have never made much time to spend with her during these latter years. However, through the process of writing this Tribute we have learned that in recent times she had been spending a good amount of time with one of our classmates at his business place, and that is very comforting to us.

Thankfully, in reminiscing about our friend, each of us has agreed that whenever we would meet up with her, the friendship that we had with each other when we were in school was still evident between us. Therefore, in the next few paragraphs we shall try to paint a picture of some of the interactions we had over many years with Heather, our lifelong friend.

Those of us who started out with her in the Infants 1 Class of the Preparatory Department of the Cayman High School remember that Heather was a “witty, live-wire”, even at a young age and was always getting into mischief. As we all became older, we remember that she loved to give some of her classmates nicknames one of which was ‘Betsyquilla’. She continued to use these nicknames throughout her lifetime when encountering us although we are now over 70 years old and it did not matter where we were when she saw us!

As we entered our teenage years Heather developed a very strong personality and became very outspoken. These were the days when Cayman was “coming of age”, and Heather would often have very heated discussions on various subjects with us and anyone who would listen to her; and God help anybody who tried to insult Cayman’s humble way of life!

On the other hand, Heather was very humorous and kind, a ‘defender’ of young children and those who were marginalized in society. One of our male classmates has shared a story which demonstrates this. He lived in the same Elgin Avenue neighbourhood as Heather, so knew a bit more of Heather’s many moods outside of school. He recalls that one night a George Town fella was shot and the guy had run to the Panton’s house looking for help. Heather took him next door to her classmate’s house and got him into their car so that he could be taken to the Hospital. She was fraught with worry; but she cared and put that worry into action.

Heather also loved to dance and when the Beatles came on the musical scene she revered Ringo Starr, the drummer. Her favourite Beatles tune was “Twist and Shout”, and the party couldn’t end without Heather twisting on the dance floor! As we became adults her love of the Beatles was replaced by her adoration for the singer, Tina Turner and “Proud Mary” became Heather’s favourite song. She even attended one of Tina Turner’s Concerts and never stopped talking about it for years afterwards. When asked about why she was still wearing high heels while the rest of us girls who were in the class had begun to wear shoes with lower heels, she would answer, “I don’t know about you all; but I still got my Tina Turner legs!”

One of our classmates has reminded us that Heather exuded a sort of flamboyance that may have annoyed some people and delighted others. One of her favourite words was UNIQUE. That word pretty much describes her. She was unique and for those of us who got to know her, we will never forget her.

During the weeks since Heather’s passing we have come to the point of acceptance, where we recognize that time on this earth is allotted by God to each one of us and we need to therefore consider carefully how we will each use the time we have left on this earth and where we will spend Eternity. All of us need to ensure that we confess our sins, ask God’s forgiveness, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Tomorrow is not promised to anyone.

Rest in Peace, dear Heather. You will be sorely missed but always remembered.



Graveside Service

Opening Sentences

Hymn Nearer, my God, to Thee

Act of Committal

Hymn One day at a time

Benediction

Nearer, My God to Thee

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
angels to beckon me
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
so by my woes to be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

One Day At A Time

I'm only human, I'm just a man/woman
Help me believe in what I could be
And all that I am
Show me the stairway I have to climb
Lord for my sake, help me to take
One day at a time

Chorus

One day at a time sweet Jesus
That's all I'm askin' of you
Just give me the strength
To do every day what I have to do
Yesterday's gone sweet Jesus
And tomorrow may never be mine
Lord, help me today, show me the way
One day at a time

Do you remember, when you walked among men
Well Jesus you know
If you're lookin' below, it's worse now than then
Pushin' and shovin' and crowdin' my mind
So for my sake, teach me to take
One day at a time

Acknowledgements

The family of the late Heather Zea Panton would like to convey their warmest appreciation and heartfelt gratitude to Heather's dear friend Mrs. Ganita Myles for all that she did to help and support Heather during her illness - in addition to all her time spent with Heather, Ganita spent countless hours tending to Heather's beloved dog "Chubbs" and feeding the yard cats. Special thanks also to (i) the Medical, Nursing and Auxiliary Staff at the Health Services Authority's George Town Hospital, and to Dr. Steve Tomlinson and his clinic staff, for their care and attention to Heather, (ii) her special friends Anna Rose Washburn and Alan Eden for all of the support that they provided to Heather and (iii) Pastor James Arch for his pastoral support in the latter days of her life.



In lieu of flowers, please make donations to the Health Services Authority (HSA) for the purchase of a vein finder. Donations can be made to the HSA's account at FirstCaribbean International Bank, account #1375538. Please refer to "Heather Panton Donation" in the notes field.